

and G.B.M.
Finance

CONNECTION WITH THE
LARY LEAGUE.



OR J. READ.

ing lively in this re-
rander, would you
ren? Here you are
I digest. I am in a
the amounts collect-
for the three months
'95, in the different
stand thus:-

to Province, Captain
ovince, Captain Pugh,
ovince, Captain Bal-
to Province, Adjutant
ario Province, Cap-
I.

believe my own eyes?
ne. Scobell has actu-
the palm. Now Cap-
is rather peculiar.
ing? What will Mrs.
thought it best not to
above. Well, Scobell
God bless and speed
make a good record

nd place is not a bad
Surely Captain Pugh,
Mrs. Pugh, will go
next quarter and beat
A's. Adjutant Magee
Captain Bailey, while
it doubtless stand well
quarter.

1.05 for three months
ghed at. Hurray!
\$ \$ \$

ton takes the over-
to city, and he will
Citizens of the
on to assist Lazarus
in the future. The
ritics: "I am more
need that there is any
oy in the G. B. M.
rily worked." So say
anxious to appoint
side agents. Members
one could do a lot to
te P. A.'s and L. A.'s
ladies?—This is the
A's to make their
coming winter. Each
to lock-out for churches
bit their lantern pic-
they will have
lides, a regular treat
ujah!

ay has renewed her
option.—Welcome Mrs.
nbert, and welcome
s, of Blenheim, into
League.—Captain Sco-
nd times. Over 500
his open-air lantern
Thomas. When the
e D. O.'s to take hold
meetings, things will
ain is scouring quite a
r Lazarus.—We hope
a P.A. for the Pacific
Auxiliaries of Dakota,
art of Washington
rolled and transferred
roll.—Soon the boat
be ready. Then for

HAZARUS!

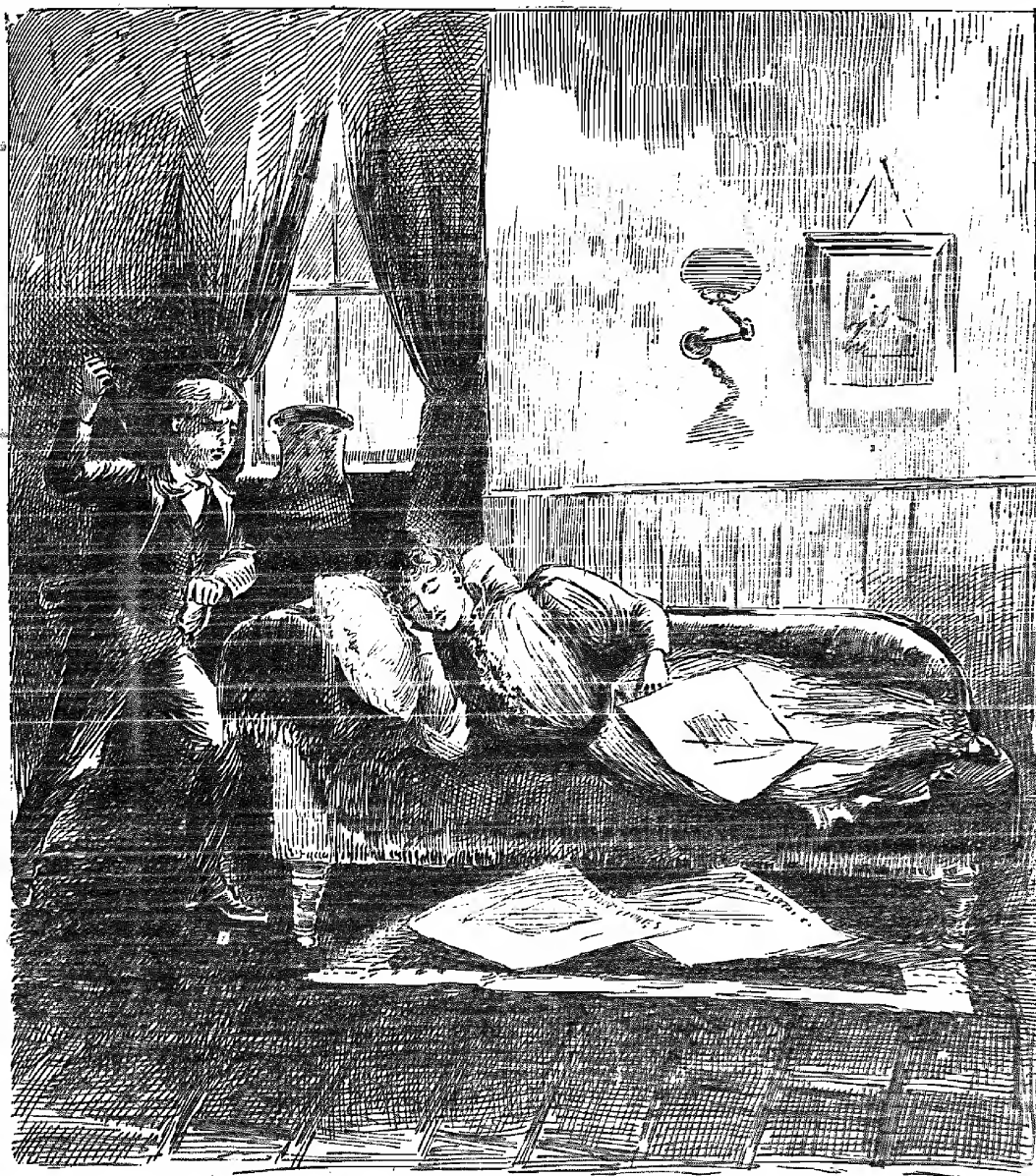
CENT, Abnottoulin Is-
lance stubborn resist-
to all our pleadings
ut God is helping us
e got to understand
the tide will turn
our outpost, we have
et church filled. One
Friday night. Will
older. We are hot
and in for the salva-
ard, wake up the dead
and save the sinners,
Capt. H. C. Banks.

AUG. 31st to SEPT. 3rd HARVEST FESTIVAL AUG. 31st to SEPT. 3rd

WAR CRY



VOL. XL No. 45. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 10, 1895. [HERBERT S. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



A BOY MATRICIDE.—The Effects of Reading Evil Books.

"The mind of the boy seems to have been upset by reading novels, which made heroes of cut-throats, robbers, and the like."—*Vide Daily Press.*

THE CLARION BLAST OF VICTORY SOUNDS LOUD AND CLEAR.

Read Here for News of the Week's Advance Throughout the Territory.

LEWISPORT.—Friday, two forward. Sunday, two more. Good day. Prospects very encouraging.—Byers & Sheard.

LISTOWEL.—Ensign Dowell and troops with us. People listen spell-bound. Barracks packed, standing at doors and windows.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Major Howell and Mrs. Adjutant Turner paid us a visit two nights. Ensign away to Sudbury.

NEEPAWA.—Threatening the devil with many stripes at a three days' camp. Major Bennett and Ensign Goodwin visit. Glorious! A sister leaves for the field.

NANAIMO.—Visit from Major Friedrich gave us much cheer. Ensign Edgcombe with him. Warm welcome, again, Major.

INGERSOLL.—Deep, heart-searching. Open-air crowd much interested, much impressed, and good at the drum-head collection.

PETERBORO.—Adj. Magee here. A weary singer cried to God in the open-air. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser arrived. Two souls.

OWEN SOUND.—Wiarson, a number of souls saved during last month. Five on the 12th. A few souls at Owen Sound. We are launching the budget scheme here.

MONTREAL.—Young man out for salvation pulled out one plug of tobacco, then another, then got free. Major Morris here. Lots of live sayings. Secretary's baby dedicated. Captain farwelled, and three little girls came out. Ice-cream social, with brass band.

GLENWOOD.—Property paid for and deed given. Grand reconciliation. Secretary Willis and Mrs. Oak see six souls.

RAPID CITY.—A stranger and backslider left the meeting, but was forced to return. Soldiers surrounded him, but he ran out, saying the Spirit had left him. Five Juniors saved.

CALHOUN.—Hot weather. Summer devil busy. Ensign Brighton leading. One sister saved, returned to her seat, and fetched out her chum. Then they pitched into another. Three added to the ledger. Two souls at sunset. MOSQUITO.

BURIN.—Soldiers on fire, two brothers at the cross. Another hailed out a dirty old pipe that had kept him from the blessing. Sunday a backsliders' meeting. One soul.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Hearts saddened through officers' farwells. Heaven's richest blessing on them and their little lamb.

CLARKE'S HARBOR.—Very combat, we conquered, banner of the cross flung out, devil flying.

PETROZOLA.—Then Rae string band to the front. Three children dedicated and three recruits enrolled. \$9.25 collection on the drum in the open-air.

BOLTON.—Bless the boys of the Tenth Brigade, say people after their brief visit. Souls in the Fountain.

GRAND FORKS.—One man must have been in a grope before to quit the meeting, as he left the hat behind. Brother B—says the devil knows his number.

SUSSEX.—Officers affectionately farwelled.

MONTREAL.—Staff-Captain McMillan referred to Major Jewer's promotion on Sunday night. Two souls.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Capt. Clarke in charge. Beautiful crowds. One soul. "Crya" all sold.

SCILLY COVE.—Praise-the-Lord times, many convicts.

GALT.—Ladies' brass band, lively meetings, one soul. Band boys victorious.

EDMONTON.—Lieut. farwelled for Winnipeg. Indian misconceptions and Christian trader, with us, telling of one comrade saved in snow knee-deep, and 45 below zero.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Twenty-six souls saved round this district this month. Capt. Clarke goes to Freeport. Capt. McLean has to lead on at No. 111. Some seeking salvation at No. 111. Capt. Gamble takes Fredericton, and Capt. Johnston, Chatham. Souls at Carleton. Fairville has been without of doors, now Lieut. Sparks cheers the comrades' hearts.

PETERBORO.—Two backsliders returned. One brother for a clean heart.

PERTH.—Bandman Cogan to help. Small band organized.

OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.—Number of souls saved at Wiarson. Five on the 12th. Capt. Cramer there.

HALIFAX.—United local officers' meeting. Three hours at the cross at Dartmouth. Heaven and glory. A number volunteered for a clean heart. Greeting and agonizing. Heat night of prayer at No. 11. Plentiful, enormous, camp-meetings, special meetings, souls.

ST. JOHN.—Nine months at Grand Manan, then orders for St. John V. Hearty welcome. On Acadia street open-air a man knelt for salvation at the drum-head. War Cry sold out.—G. and E.

OAKVILLE.—Major Collier and Ensign Ritchie in charge. Bousing marches and open-air. Memorial service of Major Jewer in the town hall. Impressive and stirring. It sank deeply in the hearts of the people. God bless the social work.—Capt. Pinnell.

BRIDLEVILLE.—Adjutant and Mrs. Bouthill with us. We enjoyed their visit very much. God helped them to deal straight truth to glory of God.—Lieut. Spriggs.

CARBERRY.—All much blessed. One backslider received home. Three for a clean heart.—Capt. Wilkins.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Three souls for salvation. Hard fight. Backslider at holiness meeting. At night five souls, four backsliders. One went to the quarters after meeting, when the Captain prayed with him. All he went home rejoicing. Much encouraged by a few words from the

Commandant on his way through with O.S.C. party. We feel the better for the camp.—Sergt. T. W. T.

VANCOUVER.—New Provincial visited here and was right at home. Pleasant and profitable time. He intends to visit once every two months. The B. C. officers' council was held here, so we believe for a great gathering in the future. Major Friedrich continually among the corps will keep the chariot going. On Sunday three at the cross, on Monday seven, on Wednesday four reconverted themselves.—F. Bell.

BRANTFORD.—Bousing times on market square. Down came the rain. We ran into the Police Court. Uncle Jimmie shouting happy inside bar racks an enrolment. Soldiers free.

Many spoke of the blessing Captain and Mrs. Richardson had been to them before they said good-bye, after nine months' faithful toil. Some of the souls saved stand still as true as gold, and they have cleared away a great, black sheet of debt.—F. B. Reall, S.C.

LISGAR STREET.—Farwells of Capt. Solgers and Lieut. Barker, one to Montreal, and the latter to wear the red band at Whitby. Farwells supper provided. Smiling waitresses busy. Spiritual, profitable meeting. Old and young testify.—Ems. Ritchie.

VANCOUVER.—I notice there is no change on the new War Cry heading yet. I expected to see the heaven looking towards the eagle, instead of looking away. To one that believes as I do, that they will yet come closer together, I would like to see them looking towards each other.

One of the officers of H. M. S. Royal Arthur gave a very interesting discourse on what he saw of the S. A. all round the world. On Dominion day we were joined by six blood and fire Indians from up the coast, who had the real spirit. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald Dominion day. Bands from Nanaimo and New Westminster.—J. Bell.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Pillay news items: Victoria corps is going ahead as fast as the hot weather and hard times will permit. Adj. and Mrs. Archibald have returned from their farlough. Major Friedrich had a monster reception arranged for him. There is talk of opening another corps in Victoria, B.C. The shelter is progressing as favorably as can be expected this time of the year. From May 7 to June 15, 486 men passed through; 353 of this number worked to pay for their board; 279 beds have been kept and 1041 meals served. Ensign Patterson has won the respect and love of all the men.

RAPID CITY.—The wet and muggy weather has a great tendency to clog the wheels, but the strength of King Jesus we shall pull through.—Lieut. James Mace.

THAT COVE.—Captain Hampton in charge. Open-air fighting all the rage. We have had some wonderful meetings.

MOOSOMIN.—Beautiful times here. The other night while holding an open-air in front of the Queen's hotel, a man came up to the Captain and said: "I like you people. I love the Army. I believe you are doing a good work wherever you are, but why do you come around here and abuse us? Why don't you go and preach outside the city hall?"

Captain.—"There is not a city hall in this place."

Gentleman.—"Well, why not go and preach outside the court-house?"

Captain.—"There isn't any crowd there to preach to."

Gent.—"Why do you not go and preach outside some other place? These are all your friends here."

Captain.—"That's why we come here, we know where our friends are."

Gent.—"Why don't you go and preach outside the Mayor's house?"

Captain.—"We ARE outside the Mayor's house."

The Mayor owned the hotel and was sitting in a chair outside. Of course, this caused laughter among the crowd, and the gentleman saw he was beaten, and he raised his hat and pulled out a roll of dollar bills and gave the Captain one, and then the Captain took up a collection, and we got \$180. Then we all testified and telling the people he was saved from sin, a divine spoke up: "How do you know you're saved?"

Captain.—"I know in whom I have believed."

Dude.—"How do you know you're not saved?"

Captain.—"I never said you were not saved."

Dude shouts up, crowd laughs at him, but by their fringes he shall know them.

Then the other gentleman comes up again to the Captain and said, "You make me feel uneasy when you talk so much about hell; preach more about Heaven!"

Captain.—"Thank God, that's what we want to do, to make you feel uneasy, and you will go to hell if you are not saved."

Gentleman.—"Sing us 'God Save the Queen,' only in a hymn."

Captain sang "God bless our Army brave," and broke down, but thank God, we don't mind breaking down in the Army. We all had a good time and there was a fine feeling among the people.—Oudet Clarke.

MISSOULA.—We are still fighting the devil in Missoula. One out to the postern form Friday night, and three backsliders later. They all found salvation and went home rejoicing in a Saviour's love.—J. H. Frost, Color Sergt.

SHADOWS ON THE WINDOW.



1
THE START.



2
COMES TO BLOW.



3
AN ARMY LAMBS AFFAIRS.



4
A PRAYER MEETING.



5
A THANK OFFERING.



6
A HAPPY COUPLE.

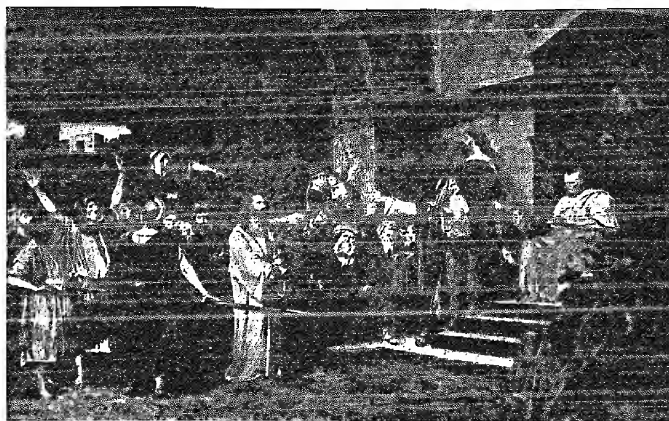
WHO KILLED JESUS ?

— UV —

The Commandant.

"They themselves went
not into the Judgment Hall
lest they should be defiled."

"It is not lawful for us to
put any man to death."



"And driven, Jew as He is, to the palace of the Gentile."

Consider the circumstances under which these words are spoken! Jesus, the Working Man of Nazareth, Friend of publicans and sinners — He whose touch had healed the leper, and whose voice had raised the dead — He before whose presence the shadows had fled from many a Galilean home, and the life-giver from many a Nazareth heart — the Opponent of every oppression, and Exposer of every hypocrisy — this Jesus, for no greater crime than asserting Himself to be what combinations of worldly wisdom and spiteful hate could not disprove, has been betrayed by a kiss, taken from His head by a hand of "blond-thirty ruffians," and driven, Jew as He is, to the palace of the Gentile!

But at the threshold of that palace there is a pause in the tragedy. Scribes and Pharisees, who had magnanimously ignored every rule of justice by their moonlight plottings of murder, who coveted the very blood of their inoffensive Victim, while they flagrantly outraged His every right as a citizen; stand at the entrance to Pilate's abode, receding at the thought of breaching one little rule of Jewish formula!

Barely if ever there was an example of the force of a dead form here is one!

Now, these accusers of Jesus were of unimpaired men. They were teachers and leaders in the Jewish synagogues. They were well acquainted with the rites and ceremonies of the Moslem dispensation, they understood the law of Sinai, if they had not grasped the law of grace, and under their own law it was as wicked to tell a lie or practice an injustice upon a fellow countryman, as it was to eat with unwashed hands, or ignore the national feast-day, and yet, true to the old formula that had brought down the wrath of God upon their forefathers, and has since their day brought retribution upon so many Christian communities, they cling to the form, when the spirit of it had departed — they practiced with pharisaical precision the ceremony, and lost sight of its meaning. They were not, apparently, at all ashamed of wearing any number of falsehoods to rid themselves of this unpleasant intruder, but to think of averting them in the Judgment Hall of a Gentile, that was horrible!

Were they not to take part in the Passover that very night? They could not unconsciously the sacred feast with lips that uttered falsehood, and join in a religious ceremony, although their consciences were steepled in atrophy, but to have broken through one rule of Jewish etiquette, by speaking false to face with a Jewish judge, to have recognized first-hand the right of a heathen tribunal by setting their feet upon the pavement of its court-house, that was too sin unpardonable, and of which they might well be hereafter. What a crying hypocrisy! What a stink must such a religion of lies, hollowness have become in the nostrils of Jehovah!

And, what the age of unrepentance is not yet over! To-day there are rigid pharisees, without life, and void of practical meaning, gone

through with unerring exactness by thousands who are verily as guilty of insult to Christ as any of the multitudes in the streets of Jerusalem. They cling, with bigoted narrowness, to a dead form of Christianity, while they are every day putting Christ to an open shame by the inconsistency of their lives. The nineteenth is not one bit behind the first century on the score of its Scribes and Pharisees. We have plenty of them to-day. There are any number of men who know perfectly well that the claims of Jesus Christ upon their talents and treasures never influence them in any one of the decisions they arrive at from Monday morning till Saturday night, and yet who will devoutly repent, after their priest, "the Litany," as part of the duty of a civilized life. There are plenty to call you a blasphemous should you attempt to argue away one of the performances peculiar to their mode of worship, who will, nevertheless, return from that to the hard facts of life, and forget that religious performances should have any real interpretation there. Multitudes would not scruple to regard you an infidel did you attempt to question the infallibility of the Christian Sacraments, who strangely enough are not ashamed to retreat from the high altar while the sacramental wine is yet on their lips, and practice behind the grocer's counter, in the store, or on the exchange, all sorts of petty fraud!

What shameless unrepentance all this is! Be done with attempting to religiousize evil. You cannot do it. After all your ceremonialism, prayer-repeating, and formula-keeping, it will remain evil still. You may shut it from the eyes of men by clothing it with a lie, but you will only in the eyes of God be adding hypocrisy to transgression.

You would be the first to cry "Murder" at the criminal whose hands bore the gory blood marks of his victim. You would make haste as a witness to give evidence against the man in whose pockets had been found his neighbor's banknotes. But what if there should be other laws swaying the world of mind as your thief-clothing laws rule the world of matter? Suppose there should be a tribunal before which the indictment is not, "What have I done?" but "Why have I done it?" Should there be a judge whose eyes look behind the blood-marks upon the hands of those who brought Christ upon the cross, back into the intention that prompted His murderers, and sentence them and all beside them for that? How then? Would your life stand the scrutiny of discretion before the eye of Him who trieth the hearts of men, who judgeth not by deed but by motive? Could you look upon the cross and perform about the cross then as you do now? Think!

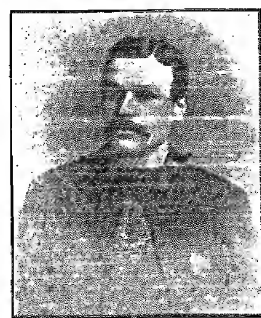
When Jesus stood before him alone, Pilate was not long in discovering the shallowness of the charges brought against Him. The cause of equity rose to its full bearing, even in the mind of the heathen commander. As a lover of fair play, if not an admirer

of Jewish ordinances, he could not help the contempt he felt at the action of the cowardly gang, who, while they considered it a delinquent to enter his threshold, were not backward in thrusting upon him a Criminal of their own making, a Culprit only because He had contradicted by His words and life their hated bigotry.

Why should they seek from a civil tribunal the settlement of a got-up religious dispute? Why should they force upon him the responsibility of ridding them of a religious opponent, when they would not brook his smallest interference in the affairs of their church? No; even the resentment of the unbeliever was kindled to the full against such an irony! If this ragged Nazarene had opposed their narrow ideas and fought their unrepentant unceremoniousness; if He had defended their pride by teaching them a better way of life and morality, then they should take Him and judge Him by their own laws, and at least stand by the consequences of their deed.

Thus reasoning with himself, and beckoning Jesus to follow him, Pilate went out to face the mob, and uttered the memorable sentence that has since his day reasserted itself upon the lips of even the bitterest enemies of Christian truth, around the cirelet of the globe — "I find no fault in Him." And here let me pause to say that I for one am consoled at the consequences of having for my Saviour an example which, as a pattern for humanity, has stood with credit the test of the world's evil conspiracies.

(To be continued.)



SERGEANT CUMMINGS, Montreal.
Converted in Springdale barracks, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1896.

He well remembers the first meeting led by CANDIDATE JEWELL, and his powerful intercession for souls. Still more the Sergeant remembers the sweet peace that came rushing into his heart when he gave up his sin to serve God. He little thought when he shook hands with Staff-Captain Jewer on his visit to Montreal, it was the last time.

Never mind. Better by and by.

MURDERED HIS MOTHER!

(See frontispiece.)

NEWSPAPER readers will already be aware of the peculiarly awful crime which lately occurred in London, England, where a boy drove a knife to his mother's heart while she lay sleeping, and till he was arrested, ten days afterwards, spent the time in peacocking. The matricide, who is thirteen years old, has a brother of eleven years, who knows of the crime, and who has since the arrest given evidence against his brother.

We do not wish to dwell on the details, but to call attention to the following remark in the Toronto Globe's report of the occurrence: "The minds of the boys seem to have been upset by reading NOVELS, WHICH MAKE HEROES OF CUT-THROATS, ROBBERIES, AND THE LIKE."

In the book of the Revelation made to the Apostle John are the words: "And I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth; and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power."

Now, whatever may be the primary interpretation of the above, it requires no stretch of the imagination to apply it to the pernicious literature of the day, for there is an enormous quantity of vile stuff rolled off some of the presses of the world which is as surely from the pit as the smoke of a great furnace. It darkens the day of many a boy, it fills the nostrils of his imagination with noxious fumes, which poison the whole moral character, it leaves a scorpion-like sting in the soul which works death, and even should the victim escape the toils of the fallen "star" and get saved by grace, there is left a scar to cause many a twinge of pain in days to come.

The devil has no more capable ally than a vitiated press, and those who are responsible for the upbringing of our boys and girls should make sure that no book of an evil tendency shall make its mark on the mind or character of any child for whom they are responsible.

TO SALVATIONISTS, and, indeed, many others, the General's book on the training of children will give the views of one who has been admirably highly successful in the training of a family. The General says, on page 201 of his valuable work: "AFTER THE BIBLE, SYSTEMATICALLY READ, WE RECOMMEND THE ARMY'S PUBLICATIONS, AND SUCH OTHER BOOKS AS ARE CALLED TO BRING UP AND INSTRUCT THEM IN ALL THAT CONCERNS A GODLY LIFE. To these may be added books of history, biography, natural history, travels in foreign lands, and others of a good, sound, moral character."

Morally Diseased.

MAX NORDAU, a learned and laborious German thinker, published recently a book entitled, "Degeneracy," which has attracted general attention both here and in the Old World. He declares that as a result of the study of the literary works of Oscar Wilde, Zola, and the rest belonging to the schools of which they are the leaders, he is convinced that they are all morally diseased, and that their morbid works are the outcome of their degeneracy.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS, in referring to the above, says that the method of living which made Oscar Wilde a criminal is a product of the way of thinking which obtains among those referred to in the preceding paragraph.

Captain Jewer reports five souls saved at Lippincott on Sunday.

BROTHER LAMB, Of Stratford.

He was the Black Sheep Till He
Looked for the Dray-Wagon.

JESUS OF NAZARETH was a carpenter's son. Thoughtfully we watched Comrade Lamb in his busy workshop. It was littered with chips and bark, carpeted with soft sawdust, and pleasant with the peculiar fragrance of new wood, penetrating one's nostrils like rising incense. Did our housed Slayers, in the time of His sojourn in our work-a-day world, toll in that fashion? Did He handle the chisel, the hammer, and saw in such an atmosphere as this? It did not seem to be from Stratford to that little home in Palestine.

TIMBER, rough-hewn from the forest, was here, portions of trees, gnarled and knotty. They had braved the storms long years, they had stood forgotten seasons with their upright stems and lovely, waving branches beneath the changing skies, magnificent in strength through all the upheaval of many a fierce tempest. Now here they lay, their prostrate forms stretched upon the ground, surrounded with debris, simply

Logs, to be Sawed Asunder

for the comfort of mankind. Our comrades chopped and chopped with their skilled and active hands, fashioning the blocks of tamarac into the required form. A row of wooden punks stood finished and ready for sale against the wall, painted dark brown and trimmed off with a few bits of white ornamentation. Tamarac because it does not taste the water, brown, because that is a color that stands the sun, and white, because some farmers especially near the city wouldn't have it pump unless it was "fixed up good."



BRO. AND SIB. LAMB, Stratford.

Whilst he heaved to the line—regardless of the falling chips—he described his days of wandering, without God and without hope, amongst the woods and rocks of Muskoka, in the fonder district, in the days when pine was abundant.

Brother Lamb is Canadian born, and knows Toronto well.

"My people were all converted, but

I was the Black Sheep

of the family. They used to write to me and any they believed I would yet be converted," he said.

But getting saved in the Salvation Army—that was quite a different matter!

"My soul was not free whilst I was standing in the street.

Looking for a Dray-Wagon,"

he continued. Just previously he had been to the Army penitentiary, but for some cause could not get the witness of his sins forgiven, and it was under the open heavens, alone, he realized his peace was made with God—the past blotted out.

In the ranks he has lived and fought resolutely ever since. In the Army also he was married. In the heart are all the elements of happiness for all eternity.



The idea of this column is to give to our readers addresses on living topics. They will, in all cases, be written as if they were being spoken, and not as mere articles. Letters, verbal reports of addresses will be given, but nothing will be admitted but platform talk. Contributions from officers and regular correspondents of the War Cry specially acceptable. —Editor

Candidates Wanted!

APPLY AT ONCE WITHOUT DELAY—
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

An Address by Mrs. Major Friedrich
to Those at Ease in Zion.

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me."—Ezekiel iii. 17.

WHEN GOD CALLED EZEKIEL to work for Him He did not wait six months or a year to make sure of God's voice. He did not go and consult His friends as to whether He ought to obey God. He was acquainted with Him, had lived a consecrated life among his people, and when God's commission came it found him ready to obey. The first corps he was sent to was composed of a rebellious and wicked people. Now, my dear comrades, who are holding back from obeying God's call to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the sinners to come into the fold and be safe, read for yourselves this prophet's commission to go and preach to the Israelites.

Ezekiel might have brought in A LOT OF EXCUSES, and said, "Lord God, I am too weak and frail, they will not hearken unto me that they might be saved," etc., etc., but no, he let the Spirit of the Lord have full course, he listened and obeyed. The Lord commanded him to eat a roll, he opened his mouth and ate it. How foolish some of us would think it was if such a thing were to happen now, but this holy prophet knew obedience was better than sacrifice, and this was the way God had of preparing him to appear before this law-bent and perverse nation. Although the dark and discouraging part was pictured to him very dense, still the Lord did not forget to give him a few encouraging words. He told him to "take patiently their rejection of thee, for I thy Lord bear it along with thee."

HOW BEAUTIFUL to know and feel that we are not alone in this war, but we have a Silent Partner. Whom we know sympathizes and feels for

WEST ONTARIO WAR DESPATCH.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gifford
There—Going to Bang the
H. F. Bull's-Eye.

BIGADLER MARGETTS.

TWENTY-ONE SENIOR and five Junior seekers were worth all the ordinary and extraordinary efforts we put forth in London at our recent three days' "Big Go."

Yes, it was a fact that the streets were blockaded, and our friends, the police, said "Move on, or we shall

Have to Arrest You."

We did MOVE ON to the barracks, for the tenth inning that day, and got two more seekers.

us, and takes greater interest than we do in the saving of souls.

How well I remember when the dear Lord was calling me to "leave all" and follow Him. I hesitated for some time, just like many are doing to-day. I see no time, but come and surrender yourselves to the will of God and launch out on His promises, for "His grace will be sufficient for you," for "His strength is made

Perfect in Weakness."

Hallelujah! How wrong it is for us to try to have our own choice, or to make ourselves believe this or that is right, when God shows so plainly the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

Look at the POOR SOULS day after day who go to the gambling saloons, dance halls, and such places for amusement, and drink, and drink to drown their miseries. What anguish and torment await them beyond, and you are standing back, not heeding the Master's call to go and warn them of their terrible danger.

Oh, my dear readers who are halting, are you really in earnest about precious souls? Do you ever think for one moment how

Millions now in hell are crying,
"All is lost!"
Amid eternal flames they're lying,
"All is lost!"

And you are not doing your share to rescue them or to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

But you ever stop for a while and think what hell was really like, with its never ceasing torments.

The Agonizing Shrieks

of the poor souls who are in the dreadful pit which burns throughout the countless ages of eternity?

"They wring their hands and tear their hair;

All is lost!
Their souls are filled with dark despair.

All is lost!
Like smoke their endless torment rises.

They feel the worms that never dies,
While unavailing are their cries,
All is lost!"

"When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but—HIS BLOOD—WILL—I REQUIRE—AT—THINE—HAND."

A FIVE-MILE TRUDGE is no joke with a small Headquarters in one's valise, and one or two musical instruments. Had a rattling open-air upon arrival, ditto at Kingston the following night, despite the rain.

WINSTON. Here for week-end in the SALVATION TENT. Down comes the rain in dead earnest. Saturday night and Sunday afternoon alike—threatened again Sunday night. The elements play deadly havoc with congregations. One drunk volunteer, nevertheless. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gifford came over the line and gave us a helping hand.

COMRADES WORK, PRAY, BELIEVE for and claim a revival. Liberty is promoted to Captain, and Cadets Hooper, Binkering and Felt go

Up the Ladder One Rung.

Captains Comstock and Stubbs, and

wife, go on lengthy furloughs. God bless these comrades.

THE DESPERADOES closed a three-day campaign at Woodstock, and are in for a better at Strathroy. So, their cry.

CLEAR THE DICKS, gather your wits together, fix your plans, organize your forces, set to work, stir creation. Be determined to conquer, and

Bang the Bull's-Eye

to pieces. We are to come out on top this time. The H. F. is the law and we are its match. Now for a stunning victory!



MISS GARNETT, our L. R. Agent for the pretty little town of Thornburg. Last quarter she got \$5.00 in her 36 boxes, which are well circulated in the above town. God speed Mrs. Garnett!



"The school of common task-work is the best place in the world to grow into spiritual culture."

"Love is no love at all which shrinks from making itself 'compulsive' in its ardor at the right time—and Paul seems to find no 'out of season' in the matter of love for souls."

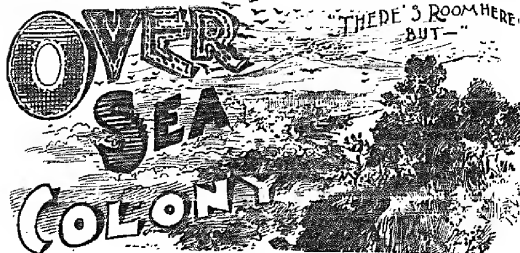
"No boy-game is man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. . . . It is a stern pilgrimage, through burning, sandy solitudes, through regions of stick-ribbed ice."

"Servants, as they must do their Master's work, so they must do that work which their Master appoints them; they must be for any work their Master both for them to do; they must not pick and choose."

"We want in this age, above all, first, God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their souls, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers."



"I'm going to chuck it, the party. The Salvationists are going to have a Harvest Festival, or something like that, and I'm going to swear off and help 'em."



Spying Out the Land.

BY BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM at the Toronto station on Monday noon, the occasion being the departure of the Over-Sea Colony Commission for the far west. Shortly after noon the Commandant arrived, with Col. Raitt, Brigadier Clibborn, and Mr. Lawford. Time is short; a little hurrying, scurrying here and there, the arrival every few minutes of detachments of Headquarters' officers, the farewell

Prayer-Meeting on the Platform.

In which the Commandant called for guidance and blessing upon those who are going and those who remain behind, then, amidst the thunder of salvation volleys, led by Col. Holland, the train moved out, and the party embarked upon the important commission, freighted with such boundless results, we trust, for the future.

each member was well loaded with baggage. A conglomeration of concertinas, kazoos, guitars, violins, lutes, all were hurried out of the car on to the platform, life being aided to the scene by one member of the commission endeavoring to find out whether the platform or

The Broad of His Back

was the harder. After a fair trial, in which he narrowly escaped getting under the car, he gave the decided opinion that the platform was the harder of the two.

A few minutes in the dark landed us at the settlement hotel, where a Salvation Army convert soon claimed the Commandant and his private secretary for the night, who marched off, to the vexation of the proprietor of the Grand Central hotel. The other three members of the Commission were shown upstairs, and after a careful examination of sheets, pillows, which looked suspicious, they decided as it was late, and they were very tired, that it was best not to

Picking Data from the Settlers

regarding their past and present experiences, as well as sounding their faith for the future. It was a pretty sight at a little clearing out in the woods, with three log huts as a background, to see a group of French Canadian women and children drawn up around our wagon so as to be included in the photograph which was being taken of the scene. Everybody held their breath, and looked steadily for several seconds, while our photographer, in the person of Capt. Frank Morris, assumed a scientific attitude. When, however, everybody thought the photograph was taken, and were beginning to move off, the scientific man discovered he had forgotten to draw the slide, so after a little merriment at his expense, the ranks were formed



BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.



Taking dinner at the Government Agent's tent, Vernon Settlement, Alberta.

again, and this time he pronounced the attempt successful, as may be seen by the brilliant result in a later Cry.

We partook of our noon-day meal in a tent of the Government Agent of the district, somewhere out in the woods.

Left, left, went the wagon over the newly-made roads through the clearing. Each unit was

Occupied by Cross-Questioning

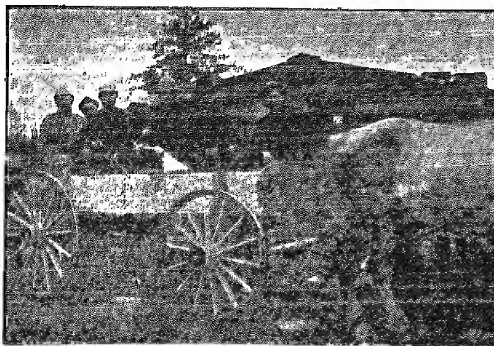
the settlers as to their experiences in farming in the new district.

One well-to-do colonist entertained the party for supper a little time, after which the Commandant led a prayer and testimony meeting in the parlor, and on returning to the village we entertained the settlers by a Salvation Army concert, given from the verandah of Mr. Wilson's house, and by midnight we were again on the cars steaming westward.

THE TIME...

For that Great Effort, THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, is surely drawing nearer.

Then Sound the Rally Call!



The party at Vernon Settlement, in the foreground they are seeing the French train from.



The O.S.C. party, with a group of French women and children. Taken at the Vernon Settlement, Alberta.

Here and there along the road a few interesting incidents occurred, demonstrating the interest felt by the Canadian forces in the proposed survey. Here and there officers and soldiers, who were on the look-out for the train, would come aboard with boxes of provisions and something to drink.

At North Bay the ladies in command turned out, accompanied by the converts,

With Tea-Pot well Charged.

Ons, outlaws, etc., and were able to give a glowing account of their work.

Ultimately we arrived at Vernon Station. Train stopped half a minute, causing a rush for getting off, as



Col. RAITT, O.S.C. Investigator.

Adjutant Magee

TELLS OF A YEAR'S VICTORIES.

Two Hundred Penitents—His Credo.

ADJUTANT MAGEE visits over forty camps every three months, overseeing thirty G. M. agents, inspecting their books, instructing and encouraging them; also keeping a correspondence with the D. O's and F. O's. He visits business people to call auxiliaries and S. L. members, etc., etc. Also conducting about eight open-air and nine or ten inside meetings weekly.

"During the past year," he says, "we have seen nearly two hundred souls at the penitentiary for salvation and holiness in Light Brigade meetings." In four weeks-end at Kingston, eighty-six have knelt at the mercy-seat.

Among a level-headed business people he finds the greatest respect for the Army and its leaders.

Many changes have been on the board. MRS. BOOTH, by her example and cheer, has been a source of constant inspiration. MAJOR READ has been like a father, and Adjutant Southall has helped. Looking back over the year, Adjutant feels like getting down in the dust in praise to God and confession of weakness. He adds:

"I am happy, contented, satisfied, going ahead. Praise God, I love THE COMMANDANT. I believe in him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He has not always found me an angel. I love him because he has the courage of his convictions, and is not afraid to say and do what he knows is right. I see those scissors coming."

PHOTON.—Special meetings at Photon led by Adj. Magee, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Sunday afternoon an enrolment of recruits, Sunday night, memorial service of Sister Harrow. At the close ONE precious soul. Monday being the first of July, there were great crowds in town. Four times during the day the Salvationists turned out for open air, which spent his majesty a considerable lot, and a number of his followers were truly won. Since then we have seen TWO MORE desert his ranks.—H. Walker, Capt.

Mar Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all lands.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

THE GENERAL.

At the time of writing, the General is just starting on his long tour to three continents. He avails himself of every present-day facility for travel, thus making the world his parish in a far more literal sense than was ever possible before. A "vessel unto honor," he is evidently divinely fitted in more senses than one for this arduous work. Since his herculean tour and meetings on this continent he has been peripatetic several of the countries in Europe. Once ill health compelled him to desert from public work, but he soon rallied again, and plunged into the fight with the fierce ardor and apostolic earnestness so characteristic of him. Africa, Australia, and India will welcome their divinely sent and blessed General. God grant that he may be fully sustained throughout his campaigns, and that his visit to the continents named may stir up wide-spread and deep-working revival of the unadulterated religion of Jesus Christ.

THE SOCIAL SCHEME.

Human nature is essentially conservative. It takes alarm, and often prejudice against a new thing simply on account of its newness. The Army's history is an illustration of this fact. When it emerged from its Christian mission cradle and exhibited to the world those distinctive characteristics which make it an Army of Salvation, the world was right. The pulpit, the press, and the rabble, all combined to assail the Army, while the General became, beyond doubt, the most abused man in the world. The Army went on with its work, which, when known, compels appreciation, and now the General is respected and beloved universally, while the Army is recognized as Christendom's Advance Guard. The Social Scheme has likewise received much opposition, which opposition lessens in proportion to the knowledge gained of the Scheme. The Over-Sea Colony, which is the latest development of the Social Scheme, is getting a somewhat similar honor from a very few newspapers here, which take a distorted view of what the General proposes to do. We refer our people to the series of papers by the General which have recently appeared in the War Cry for a straightforward account of what it is proposed to do. As for the talk of the "London gutter snipes," who will become a "burden" on our fellow-citizens here, we have before stated that only the colonist who with equal opportunities would make a good citizen in the Old Country will ever become a member of the O.S.C. community. And we object to the term "gutter snipe." The man who is rescued from the gutter, and stands firm in his integrity, is no "gutter snipe." The minority, however, who will become colonists here as they only fault the questionable one of poverty.

BAD BOOKS.

The story outlined in our front-page this week is a sad illustration of the fact recorded in our editorial column last week, viz., that the example and influence of evil men are reproduced through the impressionable characters of our boys. Parental what will your children become? The answer rests with you. According to the seed sown in your children's hearts, so will be the harvest. The boy who bathed a knife's blade in his mother's heart's blood is said to have been influenced by evil books. Take warning. Evil is ever active. Lead the children to God's mercy-seat. Jesus will receive them now as tenderly as He did in Palestine centuries ago. Fill them with the knowledge of God and goodness, live before them in the "beauty of holiness" yourself, and there will be no room left for the lodgment of the evil germ. God save and bless the children.



A. H. F. STRUGGLE.

"True it is that I love my poultry and my pigeons, but then the Captain has announced Harvest Festival, and is anxious to make it a success, and I must help her. I know what I'll do: I'll pray about it."—A would-be donor to the H. F.

The Army Press.

A Specimen of What Good It Does.

For fourteen years a heartless father deserted his wife, who he left with five children in distress and poverty. The mother bravely fought her circumstances, and had succeeded, to some extent, in conquering them, when, quite accidentally, she entered a Salvation Army hall, procured our weekly paper, and therein discovered that one branch of our work was to find out and restore lost husbands, sons, daughters, and relatives. She unburdened her secret sorrow to the officer in charge of the corps, and in due time a full description of her husband, with a tender appeal to return home, was circulated in every quarter of the globe where our flag flies.

A War Cry containing the description found its way to a canteen on the Diamond Fields of South Africa, where it was employed to parcel-out sandwiches for a traveller on his way to the Rand.

The singular-looking sheet excited the traveller's curiosity—newspapers from home didn't often come his way. He read it until his eye rested upon his own name. In brief, the deserter was found out. Remorse and shame gave birth to fervent desire to retract his steps, and within forty-eight hours of his providential meeting with our printed sheet, he had found the local headquarters of the movement which the paper represented, and there—like the prodigal of old—"he came to himself." He made full acknowledgment of his wrong, and, under the direction of the officers in that distant land, he left for the Old Country, where, with his wife and family, he lives to-day in the unspeakable experience of Divine grace.

The literature of the Army owes its immense power to the fact that, without cant and visionary philosophies, it ignores all attempts to regenerate men according to principles and methods which give a second place to the active co-operation of God the Holy Ghost and the Atonement of Jesus Christ, or no place at all.—Colonel Nicol.



High-class dinner table. Gent reads daily paper. Lady gets told of H. F. circular.

LADY (loquutor)—"Papa, I believe the Salvation Army people are doing a good work. The Reverend Dr. Dibbledon speaks well of them. I think I'll give the gardener orders to give the Captain some produce."

GENT—"Very well, dear. Please yourself."

Headquarter's Crumbs

GROUND FINE.

HURRY back, Commandant! Shall be glad to see you ones more.

COLONEL HOLLAND here, there, and everywhere, kept on the rush.

MAJOR READ prepares for his fur-lough.

STAFF-CAPT. J. L. JETON and Ensign Morris to Kingston on rest.

ADJUTANT GEO. WOOD, New York, called in yesterday.

NEWS received that four English ladies officers arrived in Montreal.

MRS. ENSIGN BURDETTE (nee Sadie Turner) holds on at Lindsay.

LIEUT. TURPIN, of C. O. P. Headquarters, promoted Captain.

CAPTAIN M. CLARK, late of C. O. P. Headquarters, takes charge of Aurora.

SPLENDID new press in printing office. Best up to date.

MAJOR HOWELL back from tour up north. Great news.

CAPT. BARE, Naval Brigade Advance Agent, returned last week.

WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND in Toronto, Sunday, Aug. 4.

NAVAL BRIGADE here week later.

C. O. HOLLAND led musical meeting and tea cream social at Yorkville on July 29th.

RICHMOND STREET land has four ladies in it. Special caps.



Time, 1:30 a.m.—"Get up, here, Lieutenant. We're going round to all the farmers to-day to get some H. F. promises. The early bird gets the worm every time, you know. Get a whiggle on, and let's get out right away."

CAPT. PUGH'S

4th Tour.

MORE VICTORIES — PRESENTED HER BROOCH.

EASTERN PROVINCE.—This is my fourth tour. The G. B. M. B. is going up, up, up. Souls are being saved, and pocketbooks are opening.

At YARMOUTH, the initial corps, the merchants responded liberally. Rev. Mr. Darnstead, of Milton, lent us his church for a rescue meeting, in which Mrs. Pugh spoke, especially of her experience at Ottawa. One young lady was so touched that

She Removed Her Brooch

from her neck and gave it to Mrs. Pugh to sell. Secured thirteen members for the Social League.

CLARK'S HARBOUR meetings in open-air, and good crowds, but fog came up and hampered us. There are a good many boxes out, and the agent, Mrs. Brennan, and Sister Colquhoun, mean to do even still better.

FREEPORT. Here I was charmed. Building packed out to the doors. L. Agent, Mrs. Blanche Perry, had collected \$5. DIDDY.—Here Mrs. Bowles has the G. B. M. well in hand. She loves the work. Mrs. Pugh was told by one gentleman that there was a good

Opening for a "Creche"

in this place. The Social League increased by eight. At ANNAPOLIS, L. Agent, Mrs. McKay, very busy with household cares, but not too busy to attend to her G. B. M. work. Mrs. McKay increased her returns \$1 over last quarter. Sister A. Ramsey, at BRIDGETOWN did well with her boxes. There are hundreds of people, my comrades, in your town, who would take boxes if asked to. GO FOR THEM.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S NOTES

BY MAJOR HOWELL.

We have just returned from OUR NORTHERN TOUR. Several souls professed salvation and others clean hearts.

Very good week-end at HUNTSVILLE. Our comrades there are anxious about a new barracks. We are putting the matter before the Property Board.

We have had the pleasure of enrolling the first batch of recruits at NORTH BAY and SUDBURY.

The honor of presenting colors to these new corps was also conferred upon us.

We were greeted with good crowds. Up north there is a good field for the Army among those Nipissing people.

Ensign Gibbs and her aides have already won the hearts of the people, and so has C. O. Frink, of North Bay.

We heard some good testimonies up north. One brother said, "Friends, I am not used to this sort of thing. It's all new. I am more used to the bar-room. I don't think these girls knew what kind of a fellow I was or they would not have taken me in the Army." This is just the kind we are after, brother.

We had a good time with ENSIGN SAVAGE at BRACEBRIDGE. Mrs. Savage has been sick but is better. The Ensign accompanied us to Huntsville, North Bay, and Sudbury.

MRS. HOWELL, accompanied by Mrs. Turner, has been on a tour around Collingwood.

THE WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND is doing well. They have just got on their feet.

THE TENT BRIGADE is also pushing ahead well. There are some splendid returns this week from special efforts.

We are losing ENSIGNS LEE, MYLES, and McAMMOND from this Province.

WELCOME, CAPTAINS BYERS and HELEN, to Toronto. We have fought together before.

Adjutant Miller, Ensign Maltby, and Mrs. Ensign Burdette, are coming into the Province.

We had a rattling good time AT BARBIE last week-end. Several came out for a clean heart, and one for salvation. Capt. Peacock assisted. He was saved there thirteen years ago at the Army postulant form. He said when he got saved he felt like a man who had on forty overcoats and threw them all off.

We are having a FIELD AND STAFF CHANGE, affecting twenty-eight stations.

And WHAT ABOUT HARVEST FESTIVAL? Now, comrades, we must get ready all round. Don't be late with arrangements. We must have victory, victory!

VICTORIA.—Adjutant Archibald led at the week-end. Menk Anderson farewelled for Vancouver. One soul on Sunday night, making THREE for the week. New officers to arrive. A hearty, loving, Victorian welcome awaits them.—Annie Bell, RC.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S

THE COMMAN-
tains of the how
has disappear-
know. The last
a telegram say-
spend a week
altogether,
which her expe-
Over-Sea Colony
British Columbia
happy in the
two thousand
rounded, per-
or mountain be-
by the guiding
Who will see
foot against a
below you, dear

THE STAFF
Prominent annu-
ments are: Ad-
miral; Ensigns
Columbia, MEA-
Moore to Guelph
Maltby to Lin-
Petrolia. Space
of more here.

THE COMMAN-
containing the
State of several
one says, "I in-
Nether in all
opportunities pre-
able people. En-
signs' eyes
the earth look
carry increased
now Provincial
are wanted for
West Ontario's
is an opening for
as Shelter Com-
mission? Watch!

THEN THE
CHANGES in the
cers have made
ter to the Unit-
them is a cer-
tainty with a
sible, who per-
going opportu-
rather good to

MAJOR REAR-
man service in
tees during the
obtained a fur-
in the Old Lan-
21st, and is the
first week in O-
ent in an extra
arrival of a
mother and ch-

APPARENT-
after all in the
"do west, you
they do things
there than we
age to do. Her
pag Shelter in
mandant says
even up to day
Major Frederick
unhappily,
Shelter is the
elate you, fa-

MRS. ENSIGN-
the Sadie Tur-
lured from in-
has been finally
country. Her
in England. We
pointed to Can-
be decided. Mr.
not supplying

MRS. BRIGAD-
has been sick
improving. Mrs.
also has been in
time. Absolute
necessary. Mr.
have been read-
and Dodd are
longer to Ensign
faring from his

Smith, the
from Spokane
was visited by
Barnes and
happily pre-
give himself to
and indifferent
a death."

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

THE COMMANDANT has at last got beyond the bounds of civilisation and has disappeared—where we don't know. The last we heard of him was a telegram expected to be sent to spend a week on the almost, if not altogether, trackless prairie, after which he expected to accompany our Over-Son Colony inspection party to British Columbia. We are quite happy in the reflection that though two thousand miles from us, surrounded, perhaps, by prairie wolves or mountain bears, he is looked after by the guiding hand of Providence, who will see that he does not hit his foot against a stone. Our prayers follow you, dear Commandant.

THE STAFF CHANGE is not over. Prominent among the new appointments are: Adjutant Taylor to Chatham; Ensigns McDonald to British Columbia; McAmmond to Montreal; Moore to Winnipeg; Mather to Sault Ste. Marie; and Hunter to Petrolia. Space forbids the mention of more here. Watch the Gazette.

THE COMMANDANT is just now considering the promotion to the Staff of several field officers. Let us say, "I have not had a chance." Never in all history did greater opportunities present themselves to capable people. Every day the Commandant's eye runs to and fro thro' the earth looking for people who can carry increased responsibilities. Just now Provincial Secretaries' assistants are wanted for the Maritime and West Ontario Provinces. Then there is an opening for one or two live men as Shelter Commanders. Who will be chosen? Watch this column.

THEN THERE ARE OTHER CHANGES in the wind. Several officers have made application for transfer to the United States (a). Among them is a certain well-known individual with a high-sounding naval title, who prides himself on his sea-going capacities. It is, however, rather soon to mention names.

MAJOR READ, who has done yeoman service in various important offices during the past eight years, has obtained a furlough to visit his home in the Old Land. He sails on August 21st, and is due to return during the first week in October. He is at present in an ecstasy of delight over the arrival of a little daughter. Both mother and child are doing well.

APPARENTLY there is something after all in the oft-repeated advice, "Go west, young man." Evidently they do things in better style out there than we eastern folk can manage to do. Referring to the Winnipeg Shelter in his despatch, the Commandant says it is the best he has seen up to date. In a letter from Major Friedrich, arriving almost simultaneously, he says the Victoria Shelter is the finest in Canada. We salute you, fair westerners.

MRS. ENGLISH BURDETTE (nee Captain Sadie Turner), of Burrie, who returned from India some months ago, has been finally transferred from that country. Her husband is at present in England. Whether they will be appointed to Canada or not has yet to be decided. Mrs. Burdette is at present supplying at Lindsay.

MRS. BRIGADIER MARGRETT, who has been sick for some time, is now improving. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald also has been in poor health for some time. Absolute rest is said to be necessary. Major and Mrs. Morris have been resting. Captain Stubbs and Dodd are each on extended furloughs. Ensign Ritchie is again suffering from his old complaint.

Smith, the murderer, who escaped from Spokane jail and then enlisted, was visited several times by Captain Ramsdell and Lieut. Ziebart, and finally pleaded with to repent and give himself to God. He was hard and indifferent. "The wages of sin is death."

MRS. BOOTH TO THE FIELD

SPECIAL MESSAGE.

HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1895.



DEAR OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND FRIENDS!—In the Commandant's absence, I cannot refrain from sending you a few words with regard to the coming Harvest Festival.

We want it to be A MARVELOUS SUCCESS, and to this end our faith rung mountainous high. Once more we are looking to you for hearty, energetic co-operation. We must win this battle, and with your united help defeat is impossible, for "YE ARE NOT MEN AND WOMEN TO BE CONQUERED."

It is not necessary for me to seek to enlist your sympathy and assistance, for past achievements have not only shown the great things you are capable of doing when your heart is on fire, but your readiness to put both hands to the plow.

My words, therefore, are merely intended to inspire you TO SURPASS YOURSELF, and to proceed full steam ahead.

In order to make this scheme all we desire it to be, three things are indispensable:

1. EARNEST PRAYER.
2. Forwent faith.
3. Unswerving work.

It has been said by Luther that prayer is half work. Upon the blessing of God depends everything.

Let us insure it.

Let us pray with one accord that He may direct us in the smallest detail. We shall then be enabled to do everything for His glory.

Let us have great expectancy! A faith that appropriates! Believe little and you will receive little; believe

much and you will receive much!—so much that your barracks will not be able to contain it.

Lastly, let us work with all our might. Some people are very good at praying and believing, but then comes the FULL STOP. Not so with us, we are not made of mere sentiment.

We Believe in Action.

The Chief of the Staff once asked his little daughter what hard work meant. After some thought, in her childish way she answered, "Hard work means perspiration, Papa."

LET THIS BE FOR US A TIME OF PERSPIRATION. Let us roll up our sleeves and go at it as if we meant it. The great object in view is worth unusual effort. Remember, there are no selfish interests mixed up with this enterprise: we only seek hereby to advance the kingdom of God and relieve the Army from the financial pressure which necessarily must prevent swifter progress.

Our Social operations are phenomenally successful, and hat for the work of funds, how marvelously this work might yet be developed!

March on, dear comrades, right boldly! Let no false modesty prevent us from urging everybody within our reach to bring their tithes "in to the storehouse of God," inspiring everybody with

A Passion for Giving.

thus we shall touch our zenith.

Our dear Commandant, as well as myself, is full of assurance that unparalleled triumph awaits us.

Yours in love and faith,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

The Cross in the Press.

"All the Word of the Lord was Published."

The Salvation Army printing press issued during 1894 fifty-one millions of newspapers, magazines, periodicals, books, tracts, and other publications. These all contained, in some form or other, simple and straightforward descriptions of the evil of sin and of the grace of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Almost every one of them contained some definite teaching for the ungodly, for the young, and for the afflicted, and practical advice to those who are serving Christ. A large proportion were illustrated; they were published in 24 languages, and circulated more or less in almost every part of the world.

The Army literature is almost all sold to its readers, who pay to the various Headquarters about \$1,000,000 per annum for the same. The circulation of these papers is a means of publishing Christ to thou-

sands of the godless, many of them being sold in public-houses, theatres, saloons, brothels, work-houses, and at similar public resorts. All the labor involved in this is quite voluntary, and is carried on by godly persons specially selected and appointed in accordance with a regular system adopted by the Army throughout the world.

The literature of the Army is unsectarian—is non-political—never makes any attacks, or accusations, or reflections upon Christians or their work. It is written in simple language for the common people—is filled with testimony and witness to personal religion—gives no place to the "higher criticism," and takes no aversivements. —Bramwell Booth, in "Others."

INGERSOLL—Capt. Collier has just arrived to take charge for a short time. We held a grand open-air last night, crowds flocking round to hear "the old, old story," and see the new Captain. Deep interest, good collection. Sunday meetings pervaded by the Spirit and presence of God.—Missie Kennedy.

HARVEST FESTIVAL REMINDERS.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Just a word or two, my brother D. O's! Most decidedly you hold the reins of success. By your exertions and strenuous efforts you can make such a mark upon your own corps and race, D. O's, that you will most certainly terminate in triumphant victory. In the Central Ontario Province the Toronto District stood at the top last year, raising in all \$285.69. The Hamilton District came next at \$124.28, but I should not be surprised to see Hamilton beat Toronto this year. However, Harrie may win these laurels, eh, Ensign Scarr?

!!!!!!

Now, turn to the West Ontario Districts. London did the best at \$162.34. Then, think of it: the Simcoe District stood second at \$144.90, only \$17.44 less than London. Then followed the Palmerston District at \$125.65, and the Chatham District at \$122.51. Which D. O. will be the victor this year? !!!!!!!

What about the districts of the East Ontario Province? Well, Kingston did noble work, and raised the magnificent sum of \$277.75. Ottawa took second place at \$200.00, and Peterboro' third at \$200. We wonder which of these districts will this year be the conqueror.

!!!!!!

Now, ye wise men, look toward the west! The brave and devoted efforts of the Victoria soldiers, as well as those of the other B. C. corps, lifted this district clean over the style at \$225.85, of which sum the Victoria corps alone collected about half. Helena, Butte, and Spokane each ought to do well. It is a new scheme, and the untiring efforts of their brave officers and soldiers will surely be crowned with success. What say you, Major Friedrich? Don't forget that \$2,000 is your target.

!!!!!!

Now, Major Bennett, what about your districts? Last year the Winnipeg Districts raised in all \$892.26, and even the plucky little Brandon District lifted \$138.35. For are there not several more corps added? Then Winnipeg District is much enlarged since last year.

!!!!!!

Right about face to the eastern part of our fair Dominion! New Glasgow District carried off the palm last year at \$212. Hurrah! What was the St. John District doing, to allow N. G. to defeat her by nearly \$100? The Halifax District took second place, raising \$190. Now, there will evidently be a big fight this year between these three districts.

!!!!!!

Newfoundland! Last year the St. John's, or Central District, did the best, raising \$197.78. Of course the plucky Northerners did next best at \$118.95, but they had better watch the Grand Bank District this year or Ensign W. J. Payne will carry off the palm.

!!!!!!

Again, ye labor-loving District officers, allow me to tell you that the Commandant's expectations for your victory in Harvest Festival matters is great indeed. Your Provincial Secretary depends upon you. God is interested in all you do. One and all, "cheer up and go on."



A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

"BEAUTIFUL MUSIC" (-!-?).

CAPTAIN DIDN'T WANT to take that worn-out harp.



It was a shabby old thing, to be sure, and wouldn't keep in tune. But she huddled it under her arm and went off.

THE DEVIL TOLD BROTHER D—he was "a fool" for taking out that cornet, and he (the devil) said to some of the rest of us, that we looked very silly indeed standing on the corner, with

Only an Odd Few Standing around, and at the doors.

But, somehow or other, we enjoyed that meeting, and shouted and sang, played and prayed to our heart's content.

—o—o—

An hour or so after I entered the meeting, after visiting a sick comrade, and "the sight that cheers us most—a sliver at the cross," met my gaze.

A young man, the husband of THE WEEPING PENITENT, was excitedly shaking hands with everybody. The little wife soon rose and testified to sins forgiven.

"Did you follow from the open-air?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, and I'm so glad I came. I was away down the street and heard

Such Beautiful Music,

and I had to follow, and oh, I'm so glad I came."

—o—o—

In visiting this convert, the English found HENRY KESTER, a beautiful girl of 19, sinking from a dreadful fever. She was saved that afternoon, and every time we visited her she was trustful and happy, not caring to live—longing to go to Jesus.

—o—o—

I went away for a few days and returned in time for soldiers' meeting.

I was surprised to see the mother of these two converts, accompanied by a young girl, and THE INTENDING HUSBAND of the sick daughter come in, but supposed she must be better, and began hoping for another soul.

English went to the young man as soon as prayer-meeting started. Soon he was on his knees seeking mercy.

After meeting I ran to speak to the mother, and found her dear girl had gone to her so lately-found Jesus.

"My two girls got salvation here, and I brought him; he was sick, and I brought him; I knew he'd get saved if he came."



The girl at her side seemed touched a good deal, and after a few words and a promise to come tomorrow night, I left her. The next night SHE TOO knelt at Jesus' feet, and found mercy.



Rescue Notes from "The City by the Sea."

THE LOUD SCREECH OF A NIGHT-HAWK sounded as he flew over the neighboring gardens in search of any unwary chicken that might not be safely tucked beneath its mother's warm wing. Inwardly we hoped he would find none. "A man shall be for an hiding-place," Isa. xxxii. 2. "Thou hast been a strength to the poor a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall," Isa. xxv. 4. Thank God, we are safe beneath His feathers, and are also sheltering a number of girls from

The Social Hawks of Society.



"THERE'S SALVATION FOR YOU, SISTER!"

We are trying to help them find refuge in Jesus.

"NOBODY SEEMS TO JAW here. The officers don't jaw, and the girls don't jaw," said one little girl, with a look of surprise, after a few days' sojourn with us.

"Why?" asked one of the other girls, "were you used to people jawing before you came here?"

"I shouldn't think so," she replied.

"Everybody jawed where I came from."

Query?

If the Captain had left her harp behind her, and Bro. D— his cornet, and the old, cracked cymbals and timbrels had remained in the barracks, would these four souls have been saved?

The music didn't satisfy the devil, that's sure, and lots of people might have laughed at our singing, but with the blessing of God it started the joy bells of Heaven over

Four Precious Souls.

MRS. ENSIGN BRADLEY.

BUTTE CITY.—Glad to say our new Major's visit was a success. Six souls one week. FOUR YEARS the S. A. has fought in this city with blessed results: and homes made happy, souls saved, of various nationalities and creeds, drunkards, gamblers, sinners, keepers, and all classes of sinners at the cross. Brother Nokes now testifies of power in the blood to cleanse

Though by birth and education all the evil tendencies are unusually developed in this child, we are hoping to see her thoroughly changed by God's grace.

—O—O—

A FEW SCENES in another girl's life.

First, a tiny baby, two days old, left upon a doorstep one bright May morning, without covering of any kind, discovered by a kind-hearted policeman and provided with a shelter.

Second, a child led into

Sins of Crimson Hue

at the age of nine walking London's streets at midnight when only eleven, sleeping under trees in the woods for weeks at a time.

Third, in the hospital in Canada, suffering the sure results of a life of wrong.

Lastly, a weeping girl brought to the Rescue Home. "I have come into this home a sinner, but I hope to be good when I leave," were her touching words.

Then conviction took hold of her, her eyes were opened to see the re-



AT WHITBY we were greeted with a drenching shower. However, the beautiful supper that Captain Sheard prepared for us made us forget that we had just left home.

Each made our crowd small. We walked to OSHAWA, where Adjutant Turner came from Toronto with his cornet. The open-air was beautiful, crowds inside very good. One backslider came home.

AT BOWMANVILLE an immense crowd in the open-air.

In spite of misfortunes and losses on the way we arrived at BROOKLIN by 7 p.m. Splendid meeting, with a full barracks. At FORT HENRY real good time. We were reinforced by Ensign Arkett, also Sister Hewitt, of Exbridge. Here we heard of dear Major Jewer's death, which saddened us all.

AT OMEMEE we thoroughly enjoyed the meetings. LINDSAY proved to be a yet. Capt. Lindsay, on furlough, helped considerably, also Bandmaster Fred Lindsay, of the Bowery corps band, New York. The Lindsay band also united with us. A beautiful time, especially at the picnic at Boleyn, Geo. We are improving nicely, and hope soon to come to a favorably with OUR SISTER L. OF THE W.O.B.

WEST ONTARIO LASSIES' BRASS BAND, after a successful week in Brantford, took train for WATERFORD. The Baptist people kindly lent us their church. The rain cleared up about 8 p.m., so we held a short open-air. Good crowd, considering. Capt. Hill drove us to Simcoe for two days. At TILSONBURGH, although the girls were somewhat tired after their long drive, we had a good time. People gave liberally in the open-air. Next evening the rain commenced to pour down and continued during the meeting. This, of course, prevented lots from coming. At NORWICH on Saturday night. To one listening outside would sound not unlike a hard contest. There was

A Cardon Party

on the lawn adjoining the barracks, and first we would play, then sing, and sometimes both. Sunday afternoon it rained again and we had to seek shelter under the balcony of an hotel. Nice crowd in the barracks, and at the close one soul. At night the barracks was filled. One left the downward path. The elements have been somewhat against us, but we are still having victory. BIG BASS.

GREAT FALLS, Montana. — God's Spirit manifested. Our first night without officers. Sister Scott led the testimony meeting. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves singing. Our audience counted up to about twenty. There being no tambourine, Sister Scott took a straw hat, passed it round once, and to the surprise of the soldiers the hat contained \$3.75. More testimonies, then the lesson was read by the Sergeant-Major. The invitation was given, and one sinners and some class soul knelt at the feet of Jesus. Many more under conviction. Two gentlemen shaking hands with the Sergeant-Major placed in his hand what change they had, amounting to \$1.42, then said good-night, this making our collection up to \$5.17, without any begging. — S.M.



Fewer Termitt, to sow. — Well, oh gal, yer life's going to be cut short! I'll be along in fifteen minutes, I'll be long. Yer'll look fine on the Harvest Festival board at the barracks."



"and when he had of
ause a mighty famine
and he began to be in
CHAPTER

A FAR AS PHYSIC
amount, but when it co
courage—the courage th
to be laughed at by t
one-way, they have not
el.

In the Old Sun—

that they had to perfor
could become "braves,"
thing passed through th
attached to a post. The
round and round, and a
piece of flesh would be
course, the idea is to
power of endurance and
if one of them thinks he
he will get into a per
terror.

Once we had been mov
on the open prairie sur
hope of finding some fr
used to pull up some
grass, if we could get i
make our beds a little
able to lie on. I was
gather some down ne
when one of the Indian
and said he had seen
ghosts in the grass.
would induce him to p
and he wouldn't let o
got so angry I thought
gave up the idea; he s
cheepers round the cam
led. So we had to slee
ground that night, su
But our food was al
of my water's experie
off from the trailing ne
of our supplies, sugar, f
and the snow was so
slut in and reduced to
KEVIN, or drank near
a piece of meat, cut i
and hang it up upon
the tent, amidst the sm
big it there. Nice?—ye
ing a piece of rope and
shreds and chewing it
feel awfully sick at fir
of everything, I grew



"The Fallow only



WHITBY we were greeted with
reaching shower. However, the
stiff supper that Captain Stuart
served for us made us forget that
had just left home.

With much our crowd small. We
knew to OSHAWA, where adjutant
emer came from Toronto with his
net. The open-air were beautiful
vds inside very good. One back
or even home.

DOWNVILLE an immense
ed in the open air.
epto of misfortunes and losses
he way we arrived at HOOKIAN
g. Splendid meeting, with a full
rucks. At POINT PERRY ran
I thine. We were reinforced by
n Arkeret, also Sister Fiewell, of
ridge. Here we heard of dear
or Jewer's death, which saddened

OMEMEE we thoroughly enjoyed.
meetings. LINDSAY proved the
yet. Capt. Lindsay, on foot, and
and considerably, also Blandine
London, of the Bowery corner
I, New York. The Lindsay had
united with us. A beautiful time,
at the picnic at Hokeby.

We are improving nicely, and
soon to compete favorably with
SISTER HAND OF THE W.O.P.

WEST ONTARIO LASSIES' DRESS
ED, after a successful week-end in
ford, took train for WATKIN-
D. The Baptist people kindly
us their church. The rule clear-
p about 8 p.m., so we held a short
-at. Good crowd considering.

LILL drove us to Simcoe for two
s. At TILSONBURG, although
girls were somewhat tired after
long drive, we had a good time.
de gave liberally in the open-air.
evening the rain commenced to
down and continued during the
day. This, of course, prevented
from coming. At NORWICH on
Friday night. To one listening out
would sound not unlike a land
est. There was

A Garden Party
the lawn adjoining the barracks,
first we would play, then they,
sometimes both. Sunday after-
it rained again and we had to
shelter under the bakery of an
N. Nice crowd in the barracks,
at the close one soul. At night
the barracks was filled. One left
ward path. The elements have
unmewhat against us, but we
still having victory. BIG BASS.

AT FALLS, Montana. — God's
manifested. Our first night
out officers, Sister Bent led the
many meeting. Everybody seem-
to enjoy themselves singing.
ence counted up to about twen-
There being no tamborine, Sister
took a straw hat, passed it
at once, and to the surprise of
soldiers the hat contained \$3.75.
travellers, then the lesson was
by the Sergeant-Major. The in-
sion was given, and our sing-
sorrow and soul knelt at the feet
of the Lord.

Two gentlemen smoking with
the Sergeant-Major placed in his
what change they had, amount-
to \$1.42, then said good-night,
making our collection up to
without any begging. — K.M.

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."

MEMOR TURMIT, to sow. — Well, ole
nyer life's going to be cut short!
e longer life's going to be cut long
er! look fine on the Harvest
val board at the barracks."



"And when he had spent all there
rose a mighty famine in that land
and he began to be in want."

CHAPTER V.

AS FAR AS PHYSICAL COURAGE
goes, those Indians have any
amount, but when it comes to moral
courage—the courage that can stand
to be laughed at by their compan-
ions—why, they have nothing to boast
of.

In the Old Sun-Dance

that they had to perform before they
could become "braves," they have a
strong passed through their flesh and
attached to a post. Then they dance
round and round, until sometimes the
piece of flesh would be torn off. Of
course, the idea is to show their
power of endurance and courage. But
if one of them thinks he sees a ghost
he will get into a perfect frenzy of
terror.

Once we had been moving our tents
on the open prairie further along, in
hope of finding some fresh meat. We
used to pull up some of last year's
grass, if we could get it, to try and
make our beds a little more comfort-
able to lie on. I was starting to
gather some down near a swamp,
when one of the Indians came back
and said he had seen a "cheepee"
(ghost) in the grass. Then nothing
would induce him to pull any more,
and he wouldn't let me either. He
got so angry I thought I'd better
give up the idea; he said we'd have
cheepies round the camp all night if
I did. So we had to sleep on the hard
ground that night, sure enough.

But our food was the worst part
of my winter's experience. Being cut
off from the trading post, we ran out
of our supplies, sugar, flour, oatmeal,
and the snow was so deep we were
shut in and reduced to ten and KA-
KEEWIK, or dried meat. They take
a piece of meat, cut it into slices,
and hang it up upon the rafters of
the tent, amidst the smoke, and leav-
ing it there. Nice?—yes, it's like tak-
ing a piece of rope and pulling it to
shreds and chewing it. It made me
feel awfully sick at first, but in spite
of everything, I grew healthy and



"THE FELLOW ONLY STARED."

vigorous. We had nothing else for
some time. They have a sort of to-
bacco juice they make from the bark
of a willow and smoke.

There was some pemican, too, but
that was

Mixed with Skunk Grease.

It was a long time before I could
bring myself to that, but through be-
ing exposed so much to the intense
frost and cold, one's system craves
for FAT, and the thought of grease
became so delicious that by holding
my nose, not to smell it, I managed
to taste the big can of skunk grease,
and found it wasn't bad at all when
I had overcome my scruples.



IMMOYINI, Blackfoot Indian.

At last, to my delight, A WARM
WIND SPRANG up from the west, the
snow melted, and I thought the
spring had come, for I'd lost all track
of time. However, the Indians warn-
ed me not to start, it was only a tem-
porary delusion.

But I counsel, pleaded, persuaded,
and promised them all sorts of things
if only they would take me to the
white settlement, until at last one of
them agreed, in spite of his counsel.
So I left the Indians, and the quaws,
in their teepees, and started off.

At night time we camped in a pop-
lar bluff, lighted a fire of all the
dried supplies we could gather, spread
our blankets, and slept as best we
could, for the cold grew intense.
In the morning we put more fuel on,
boiled our tea, and ate our pemican.
At last we SHOT A DEER! It was
so long since we had tasted fresh
meat, and we were so famished for
want of something, that whilst

The Marrow-Bones were Still
Smoking

we ate the fat out of them. Then
we cooked some of the meat. The
rest the Indians buried to take home

on his return, after tying a rag, and
making one or two signs to mark the
spot.

At length, with perseverance, and
the aid of our tough, little Indian
poles, we came in sight of the set-
tlement of the white people.

When I reached it, I found they
were just thinking of sending out an
expedition of mounted police in search
of me.

The news soon spread all round the
place, "SCOTCH BOB'S COME BACK,"
and they came to see me. I must
have looked a wild object, too, after
a winter's camp along with the In-
dians. My hair had grown down to
my shoulders, and my clothes I had

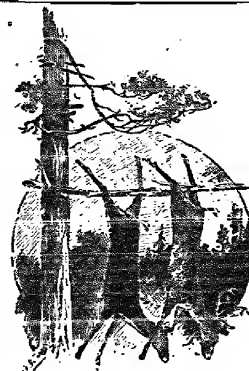
Patched Up with Buckskin

as best I could. I had my red flannel
shirt, moccasins, and a half-breed
sash, twisted round my waist, with
the ends hanging, and a knife stuck
in. But the worst of it was, I'd had
to live without washing. I was so
used to ordinary food that the first
straight meal I took with milk and
sugar, and bread and butter, made
me desperately sick.

I went right into Calgary in that
rig, and so I first met THE SALVA-
TION ARMY.

I must have looked a wild and
woolly specimen of the west!

I went in, supposing it was some
sort of amusement. I heard the girls
serving the hotel table talking about
it, and that was all I knew. I hadn't
been in that meeting long, though,
before I changed my opinion, and I
was in no mind to play the fool. I



"WE SHOT THE DEER."

and at night, went with the moun-
tains of the river and

The Howling of the Prairie
Wolves,

the loneliness was enough to make
you creep.

I broke the prairie sod with a
spade, and cleared it with my own
hands and an axe. I cut the roof-
hole, and tar-papered my place to
make it more suitable. Then I ear-
ned my fence from a quarter of
mile to shut in a little bit of cleared
land.

I was getting my garden in nice
trim, when if a neighbor's horses
didn't come over my land, broke down
my fence, and trampled my garden
to nothing. After all the toil I'd put
into it!

SWEAR?—I should say so!

I more than sent those horses to
the bottomless pit! There was no re-
ligion about me at that moment. That
was the end of my garden, and I had
learned to swear terribly before that;
swear if the cow did not go straight;
swear, till a Methodist minister call-
ing at my brother's overheard me,
and wouldn't stay in the house any
longer, but jumped in his buggy and
drove off; swear, till even my brother
said, "Doh, you must put a check
on your tongue."

"YOU'RE not the one to talk, you
trained me!" I retorted.

Those horses made me decide after
this that

Ranching was Not in My Line
of Life. I was sick of it, and deter-
mined I would give it up, go back to
town, and work for wages.

(To be continued.)

A Harvest Festival Talk
With Farmer John.

H. P. CANNASSER raps at the door.
John opens it.

Cannasser salutes.

John—"Won't you come in?"

Cannasser enters, talks about his
home, etc., then launches out upon the
great scheme. John asks a few ques-
tions:

"Are you a member of the S. A.?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

Cannasser tells the length of time,
and by permission relates a brief
sketch of his life.

"Do you have this annually?"

"We do."

"What will you take?"

"Anything that will bring money
upon our markets."

"Let us go out and take a walk
around?"

"Let us pray first."

Feeling inspired, they both go out.
The wagon is loaded going home.

A. A. KILLEY.

VIRIDEN, MAN.—Recruits are being
added to our ranks. On Monday ONE
BROTHER made up his mind to serve
God. Wednesday ANOTHER came.
Sunday all day God's power was felt
in the business meeting a sister who
had wandered away from God came
back. At night the devil tried hard
to get the victory, but prayer and
faith conquered, and THREE PRE-
CIOUS SOULS were saved. Hallelu-
jah!—Capt. E. HAYES.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Specially Contributed to the
War Cry by Major J. Read,
Financial Secretary.

That pail standing 'neath the dripping water-tap is big in size. It has the capacity of containing many gallons of liquid. Steadily drop after drop falls into the vessel. Steadily the water rises, so slowly but so surely. System and continuity is the secret of the filling of the pail. True, the drops are small, but the drop-pings tell up, and in time the water flows over the sides and the pail is FULL!

The world and all that is therein belongs to God. Therefore every stick of property, every square foot of land, every part and parcel of every Salvationist's possessions are God's by right. He hath given and He can take away. Strange, then, that among God's own servants there should be such apathy and backwardness in giving up to Him a part of His very own. However, there is the fact, and seeing the disgrace it must bring up on God's cause, some drastic remedy should be prescribed. Let us, therefore, commend to heal the wound and cause a cure.

Systematic Free-Will Giving

Dealing with our own people, Salvationists, here we are on the earth, in existence, a mighty army of redeemed people, mainly made up of former slaves to sin, drink, blasphemy, lust, and kindred vices. Thousands upon thousands of hard-earned dollars have been, by our own people, passed over the saloon bar. Whole fortunes of precious gold have been blown into the air in the form of

Tobacco Smoke.

The majority of our sisters once pandered very much to the goddess Fashion. Hundreds of dollars they spent in titivating and decorating their mortal city. The brothers, when drunkards, spent their money systematically. The sisters systematically visited the dry goods stores. Then, in the time of all this that is good, why not in this, the days of our prosperity, do a little in the

Systematic Giving Line?

We have heard a great deal about the TITHES, TITHES, TITHES, and doubtless all those who carry out this Biblical plan receive a useful benefit therefrom. Let us presume there are 10,000 B. S. soldiers scattered throughout the Dominion, half of this number representing heads of families—WAGES EARNERS. Each family head strictly averages six dollars per week. Let him give God's work

The 10 per Cent.

and the charities roll along all the faster to the tune of \$3,000 per week. Now, presuming there are 250 corps in the Dominion, by this plan each corps would raise \$12 weekly, and oh, how the Captain would smile! Reader, look at it, read it, digest it, think it out, and act upon it. And though old-time rules. The secret of the success of the whole affair lies in the fact that the ten per cent. is systematically given, and even if the sales fall let the Lord's exchequer get the ten cents on every dollar you earn. Could we print a page of the "Cry," filling it with averages of just what our soldiers DO give in their cartridges, it would really cause surprise on all hands. With all the talk about the suffering of the officers, how admirably it could all be averted if the soldiers and recruits took the mark on this line. We wonder what average each most of our soldiers used to spend in their sinful and prodigal days! It is worth meditation. Let our comrades figure it out in their own personal experience, O for a direct "forward movement" on the money-giving line!

Live as the branch lives, for no other purpose than to receive and give expression to the life of the Vine.



HOLINESS.

Tune—"I am coming, Lord," B.J., No. 55, 3.

Lord, send the Holy Ghost,
Baptize us one and all;
Give us the Pentecostal power,
Oh, heed 'Thy soldiers' call.

Chorus.

Holy Ghost, descend,
Fall upon us now;
Fill and flood each waiting soul,
As at the Cross we bow.
Without the Holy Ghost
Our labors will be vain;
But with His mighty, moving power
We'll bring the Kingdom again.

We care not how it comes,
So long as we receive;
We all have met with one accord,
The promise we believe.

CADET BILLY WARE.

Tunes—"When the pearly gates unfold," B.J., 142, or, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," B.J. 28.

I have given up all for Jesus,
Nothing more so dear to me
As to work for my dear Master,
Leading souls to Calvary.
Though the road is rough and rugged,
Strewed with many a stone and thorn;
'Tis the way my Saviour trod in,
I will walk with Him alone.

Chorus.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And the evening bells will toll;
But my heart will know no sadness,
When the pearly gates unfold.

Not promotion, Lord, I seek for,
But to humbly follow Thee;
Though the path bring pain and sorrow,
'Tis the way marked out for me.

At the end I know you're waiting;
I shall hear if I am true:
'Come, my child, a place awaits you,
I am here to bring you through.'

'Tis a pure delight to serve Thee,
Leading souls to Heaven and God,
Bringing them from Nature's darkness
And the power of Satan's rod.
Let me shine each day more brightly,
Walk the path that you have trod;
Keep me ever true and faithful,
Loving only for my God.

S. S.

JOY.

Tunes—"Now I am so happy";
"We're marching on to war," or
"Calvary's stream is flowing," B. J., 51.

We are hallelujah soldiers,
Our sin are all forgiven,
We've all been to the cleansing stream
Our title's clear for Heaven;
The devil often tempts us,
And tries to get us back,
But, glory, hallelujah!
We're on the heavenly track.

Chorus.

We are marching on to war.

Some people say we're crazy
Because we sing and shout;
They do not like our movements,
Our Sunday's marching out;
But we are in the Army,
A blood-and-fire band,
We try our very best to drive
The devil from our land.

MINNIE GOULD, Catalina.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

WILL YOU BE ONE OF HIS LOVED ONES THIS N. F.?

MAIL BAG!

A Naval Missionary.

"I take my back numbers of the War Cry and All the World to sea with me, and circulate them not only among our own crew, but also in China and Japan among British soldiers and men-of-war's men whom I happen to meet. JOHN MASON, R.M.S. Empress of India, Victoria, B.C."

—O—

From Victoria, B.C., regular correspondent.—
Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald are leaving us for England. Other changes are expected.

—O—

AUXILIARY JOHN LOUSON: "I was visiting another dear fellow, named Captain Philip Droleit. He is evidently dying of consumption. He works, when able, in the G. T. R. works, and acts as treasurer. I bid, for the corps at Point St. Charles. He is a beautiful character, fully ripe for glory, hallelujah, through child-like trust in the Lamb of God."

—O—

CAPT. WM. CUMMINS, of Hamilton, has undertaken to exchange the Corps with Captain Cooke, of Australia.

—O—

P.S. SHARP will write an appeal for candidates, which will appear in October, when the young men return from Labrador.

Ottawa District.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman left Ottawa for a trip round the district. At PEMBROKE they found Captain Davis in good spirits. Being without a barracks, the open-air was on the program instead. Soldiers spoke to the point, people listened, three dollars collection.

Next day a sad accident happened. Three men working on a boom were struck by lightning, one killed instantly. Reader, are you ready for a sudden call?

The next thing was a Hindoo meeting. Much kindness. Barracks soon. BENEFIT. Corps not large, but noble fighters. Most meetings in the open-air. Once open-air have become good friends. ARTHUR. Town of about four thousand. Nearly one thousand men work in the mill. Fine meeting in a building lent. One forward and three wanted to be prayed for. The local editor says the Army's printing shall cost them nothing there if they come.

COATCOOK. Victories won. Ice-cream social, the proceeds of which left the corps free of debt. D. O.'s assist. Capt. and Mrs. McHarg, also Capt. Moodie, Lieut. England, and Cadet Wilson. Corps all sold every week—Capt. Cooman.

BRIGHTON—Capt. Gibson, after fighting against great odds, has gone on a much-needed rest. Two souls at farewell meetings, and two since. Lieut. Williams. NEWCASTLE—Captain Ryce far-waited for the West, and Capt. Larder for Campbellton. One brother on Sunday for salvation, gave a good testimony, although being a backslider it was some time before the witnesses were given. Counter attractions are in town just now.—Carrie Reeves, A.L.B.

TRURO.—Some souls are being saved, open-air meetings good, collections fair, and War Cry and Young Soldiers sold out. We have a new attraction here in our open-air, in the shape of an awning four yards square, and eight feet high, just big enough to hold our soldiers and converts. A few minutes before our open-air start two or three soldiers carry this to the front and put it up, when the officers and rest of the soldiers march in and take possession. It is proving to be quite a success. The first night we put it up we had one of the largest crowds ever seen at an open-air in Truro. We also had a good collection, Young Soldiers sold out, and ONE SISTER out for salvation.—R. H. Fitchner, for Capt. E. H. Allen.

into a side show and got famous white rig on that Billy saw at the open-air, and sit down at the rest.

g was not satisfied with so sent his servants again to scoop in enough to fill the

look 'e there, will you? young fellow—it looks like clay—he's waited right up down at the white rigging; as a lord." "I'll let you red, for it says in the Bible show that tried that came fired him out bodily into 'kness."

u what, Tommy, I'd rather uly into the white robe his, out and out, like that Char- the red-rigged fellow that's n the king."

ough, the king comes down u the wedding feast goes spies the poor fellow with- lights him a little song that like. He commands the two d servants to bind him hand and cast him into outer and forthwith they proceed andness and the him with a picked him up bodily and in out. The captain sings a d servants for a collection, where- d digs up a dime and his kelo. A sister sings another captain reads from the part they have been illu- d hummers it hot and hard r sinners, but Tom and Dick chances and would not go hat night.

that was a fine show."

st yet." "What, mule, the Army's dnce I like to go, they are diled, and make a fellow feel d he likes to come again." "ee that 'er fellow bloug- Major's boy?"

before he went out on the enne and patted me on the asked me if I was saved. my hand and said, 'God you ought to get in it.' The sister, then! Bring us 'eance.' "Right, Tom!" "Good night, sure and come to-morrow e Captain and Lieutenant forewell, and I hope t you saved." "Hope so."

F. E. S.

Battle Bits.

(Continued last week.)

d descriptive account of JOWELL'S visit to North "Victory." Grand times and Twenty dollars raised by for the Trench Scheme.

MON CYCLONE AT LONDON eee days, led by Brigadier Margotie, Grand banquet

SYMBOL HAND. Many earnest Officers' council. TWENTY-OLDS. Street blocked in

y delighted report by S. G. ie speaks of crowds just hour the Ladies' Band at RD, one dear, old, grey-an in the fountain. Street

ATOR OF THE WAR CRY. An animated account by E., who speaks of joy that

from the soldiers' hearts. Margotie was also there. mo when the Dons-and-ers

ity. Musical meeting a t.

4.—Two souls. Major Ben- us. God bless mid prosper t. M.

ND STREET.—Adjutant lth us for Sunday. Three ut two for pardon. Slowly, a climb up as "we fight to M. K.

ON.—Prayer and fasting between afternoon and even- o, and "silence about the half an hour," penetrate the ord. English Maletus spoke

ently, and three came for- ing.—Lieut. Pridmore.

